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SOUTH CAROLINA'S NEWSWEEKLY

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Twenty-Five C

OSCEOLA

That championship season

What happened to 'Top Five in 75'?

by Jim Walser

Frank McGuire hurried down the gray concrete ramp deep inside Carolina Coliseum, pushed his way through a group of sportswriters and began an elimination competition with a crowded key chain to find a key to unlock the office where he conducts his post-game press conferences.

After several tries, McGuire found the right combination and led the state's sporting press into a modishly furnished office, peeled off his sport jacket and loosened his tie in anticipation of yet another question and answer session with the print media boys, and his usual show via telephone with Bob Fulton on the Gamecock Radio Network.

Only minutes before, McGuire's University of South Carolina's basketball team had defeated Villanova with ease in a sloppily played game -- Carolina's final regular season contest of the year -- but McGuire immediately made it clear that he took little solace in the victory. "I'm just glad the season is over," McGuire said, with the strains of a long, complicated season showing in his voice and in the lines of his face. "It's been a long year and it's good that it's finally finished. I really don't care much about the post-season tournaments. I'd rather go out and sign a couple of new recruits than go to a post-season tournament anyway."

The strain was definitely showing.

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McGuire and the Gamecocks did appear in a post-season tournament, of course, though it was not necessarily the one which most of those concerned would have liked. And a couple of weeks later, McGuire was standing in Madison Square Garden, trying to explain to sportswriters how it felt "getting our brains knocked out" by a Princeton team that had been easy prey for the Gamecocks earlier in the season. The severe and somewhat embarassing defeat to Princeton in the National Invitational Tournament in New York was somehow a fitting conclusion to a season that will be little noted nor long remembered in Columbia and South Carolina by the thousands that remain so loyal to McGuire and his USC program.

But now, two months after the season frustratingly expired in New York, the questions of what happened in '74-'75 lingers in the minds of Columbia fans who expected so much more. What happened to "Top Five in '75?" What caused USC to become a third rate basketball power in its own state (behind Clemson and Furman)? And what does this portend for the future here?

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Perhaps Marquette University's slender frontcourtman Bo Ellis stated USC's problem last season as eloquently as anyone, speaking after Marquette pulled away in the final minutes in February for a nationally-televised victory in Carolina Coliseum.

"They've got a good team," he began, a little hesitant at first to even broach the subject, "but they just seem to lack something. I don't know what it is but it's missing and they need it before they can become a great team."

A South Carolina sportswriter who covered the University of South Carolina much of last season says, "They just didn't seem to have any leadership out there. When Gilloon was in the game, he took over, and when Boswell felt like it, he took over, and occasionally Dunleavy took control. That's the problem, there was no one they could look to when they really needed the basket or some leadership."

A USC official (not a coach) says, "We needed another guard badly, one that could take control the way John Roche did. Or Kevin Joyce. Or Brian Winters. You look at your close games and most of them are won at guard, a lot of times on free throws at the end, but still it's won with the guards."

An opposing coach, having just lost in Carolina Coliseum by almost 20 points, said, "You know, with the talent they have on hand they should have beaten us down here by 40 points. If I had that kind of talent and they had mine, I'll guarantee you I would. Why do they play the zone? I'll tell you why. Because McGuire's been playing it for 30 damn years and he'll play it for 30 more. I'll tell you, if they would just let that team out there run up and down the floor and get on the boards.

(Continued on page two)

Frank McGuire

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osceola

"Freedom of the press is guaranteed only to those who own one."
—press critic A.J. Liebling

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That 'championship season'

(Continued from page one)

they could play with UCLA. They've got as much talent across the frontline as anybody in the country, including UCLA."

Everybody, it seems, has an opinion about what went "wrong" with the University of South Carolina Gamecocks last season.

*****

Since Columbia is the self-proclaimed "Basketball Capital of the Southeast," its citizens generally take losing at basketball a little more seriously than college fans in other cities might. For that reason, also, what might be considered a respectable season (19-9) for most teams currently has local fans spending hours around Columbia bars and restaurants trying to solve the problem.

The reasons, as you might have guessed, are complex. The most obvious absence this season -- though not particularly the most important -- was that the dominating guard who could both control the tempo of the game and put a good number of points of the scoreboard. Frank McGuire's teams of the recent past have featured one individual leader who dominated the Gamecock offense, especially in crucial circumstances, such as the last three minutes of a close game. In the past there were John Roche, Kevin Joyce and Brian Winters -- all professionals now -- in the role of the offensive leader. But this year, no team member was able to step into that crucial role.

Originally, some felt that either Tom Boswell or Mike Dunleavy would fill the position, but it soon became obvious that Boswell -- as a frontcourtman, and as an individual prone to foul trouble -- was not a likely candidate. Dunleavy, while a talented and valuable player, is not really of the Roche, Joyce, Winters mold offensively, and by and large did not supply the needed punch on a consistent basis. Yet when Dunleavy played and scored well, so did the Gamecocks.

Team leadership in general was a problem for the Gamecocks. From what this writer was able to tell from seeing most of the home games and hanging around the dressing room afterward -- admittedly limited exposure -- there didn't seem to be a clear-cut team leader. Perhaps it's a corollary to the problem on offense. The co-captains, of course, were Dunleavy and Alex English, both of whom are quiet talents, more prone to lead by example rather than exhortation.

Though English, Boswell, and Dunleavy played consistently, two positions out of the starting five caused problems. One forward position, shared by Nate Davis and Mark Greiner, lacked consistency. Davis is a superb talent, but for the most part he didn't play that much better -- at least not from what I saw -- than he did as a freshman, when his spectacular plays only served to offset his unspectacular mistakes. Offensively, Davis is a streak shooter, who can either hit everything he tosses at the goal, or suffer a bad night with few accurate shots. Defensively, he was picked apart by several opponents this year. And he still has trouble handling the ball on the drive, extremely unfortunate for an individual with such consummate moves around the basket -- if he can ever get there with the ball. On the other hand, when McGuire played Greiner, he got the defense that he needed, but the offense suffered since Grenier is not really very dangerous with the ball.

Of course, the other position where USC suffered was the second guard position. As recently as last fall, there were some statements made here and other places that USC would probably not miss Brian Winters all that much this season. How wrong we were. Without a doubt, the second guard post provided more offensive problems than any other single position for the Gamecocks.

To be sure, the guard position didn't suffer from a dearth of candidates. Senior Jimmy Walsh started the season there, but was soon spelled by freshman Jack Gilloon. While Gilloon played with great flair and success in the early season, his glitter wore as the season progressed and, to some extent, his confidence appeared to suffer. To get more consistency out of the position, McGuire then tried Stu Klitenic, the sophomore, who is bigger than the others and gives a good defensive performance. But he never really got into the Gamecock offense that much, although he is a capable offensive player on occasion. But the Gamecocks suffered in quickness when Klitenci was in the lineup, and when the opposing teams like Marquette tried the full-court press, Klitenic had to come out. Billy Truitt, the other Gamecock freshman, played well at the position against Georgia Tech in the next-to-last regular season game and is an extremely capable individual. But he was never satisfied with his role as the "fifth" Carolina guard, and has reportedly left school. If so, he obviously will not figure in next year's plans.

Even with the somewhat unsettled personnel situation, Carolina's offensive problems could have been overcome were it nor for a dreadful inability to play man to man defense. Given the depth of the team's personnel, McGuire and assistant Donnie Walsh wanted in pre-season to use a fast-break offense and a man to man defense. It's difficult if not impossible to break from a zone defense into anything but a methodical, plodding offense. And when Walsh and McGuire got a look at how some of the players played man to man, they elected to play a zone defense to obscure as much as possible their team's lack of man to man ability. And it was probably a tactical error. Instead of using the string of relatively easy early season opponents to train his team in man to man warfare, McGuire used the zone and tried the man to man only as a surprise tactic.

But good basketball teams -- clubs that make it to the Final Four -- do not employ the zone as their primary defense, if at all. Though McGuire is quick to point out that he used a zone all the way in going undefeated in 1957 at North Carolina, he is well aware of the fact that times are different in 1975 and that good basketball teams generally spring from athletes who can play good man to man defense. When a team uses the zone and gets behind, as Carolina did against Princeton in the NIT, the opposition simply has to spread its offense and slow the game. Then when the team in the zone, USC in the example here, is forced to go man to man, it can be picked apart with little or no difficulty. Many coaches -- Furman's Joe Williams among them -- have played man to man defense in the early season and lost games because of it in favor of training a team that will win later in the season and at tournament time. Perhaps McGuire felt that with the athletes he assembled on the '74-'75 team, he had no choice but to play the zone. But some writers and observers feel that "covering up" the problems not only left USC vunerable all season on defense, but hampered their offense as well.

Even with its problems, USC came close to having as good a record as in the past few years, and McGuire's contention that "luck" just wasn't with this year's team in the close ones is somewhat justified. St. John's and Notre Dame, good basketball teams, were taken to overtime before two one-point losses resulted. Nationaliy-recognized Marquette won twice in close games. Houston and Oklahoma, unspectacular basketball teams, each won by 90-84 scores on their home courts. "Luck," though, oftentimes has much to do with who has the better ball club as a close game is drawing to a close. As Marquette's Al McGuire said after his two games with USC, "If I'm ever in the last two minutes of a game, I'll win. We're just better than other teams in the last two minutes. Our players are confident when it's even or we're leading down the stretch."

As USC players, coaches and fans contemplate the '75-'76 season, there will be a great deal more realism involved, but the prospects remain hopeful. Alex English and Mike Dunleavy are solid players. English could use some work on his driving (Marquette's Ellis said English gave him no trouble because "he always shoots the same way, and Coach pointed that out to me"), which might make him a more versatile threat with the ball. Tom Boswell, slowed by injuries and foul trouble, will likely return despite the lure of a pro contract that will probably come in May. Boswell's performance this year -- while competent -- probably won't inspire any big figure bonuses from the pros. Boswell's showing this year disappointed many, but the big guy still has a lot going for him: he

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Fighting bias at the State House

by Bob Thompson

Human Affairs Commissioner Jim Clyburn, vowing he won't be "intimidated," is fighting a dual battle to keep his personal ship of state from being scuttled by conservatives while he tries to grab stronger anti-discrimination powers for the agency.

Clyburn, a young black man who took over the Human Affairs leadership last October, is quickly learning who his enemies are over at the State House. Chief among the antagonists is Rep. Richard Hines (R-Spartanburg), the young owner of a transfer and storage company who has been one of the most persistent critics of the Human Affairs Commission since its inception three years ago.

The battle between Hines and the Commission, which deals with discrimination complaints against public and private agencies, is a thinly-veiled racial clash. The Commission deals mainly with cases of racial discrimination, usually within state government agencies, although it also investigates and tries to resolve complaints involving age and sex discrimination.

Hines has been trying to get the Human Affairs Commission either emasculated or abolished since he was elected to the House in 1972. Two weeks ago, he and Rep. Ralph King Anderson (D-Florence) authored an amendment to the appropriations bill to eliminate funding for the Commission, but the House resoundingly defeated the amendment, 78-13. (Anderson, the leading consumer advocate in the House, drew especially venomous criticism from Clyburn, who rhetorically asked **Osceola**, "How can you say you're for the consumer when...you oppose the Human Affairs Commission?")

Then, about a week ago, Hines and two young Republican representatives from Charleston County, Robert Kohn and John D. Bradley III, held a news conference to announce the three men were introducing a bill to abolish the Human Affairs Commission. Proof that conservatism isn't limited to the elderly, the three men are all 30 or younger -- Hines is 26, Bradley is 28, and Kohn is 30. (Kohn, incidentally, was the author of the House resolution to table the Equal Rights Amendment.)

Hines' reasons for abolishing the Commission -- ostensibly, at least -- were that the anti-discrimination agency is a waste of the taxpayers' money and that it is duplicating the work already being done by the federal Equal Employment Opportunities Commission (EEOC).

Bradley said he had information showing that the Commission was operating illegally because it had no authority under law to enter into contracts with federal agencies like the EEOC.

Recently, Clyburn announced that the Human Affairs Commission had contracted to handle the legwork on a number of EEOC cases involving South Carolina residents, with the EEOC paying the Human Affairs Commission a fee for each complaint it investigates. Clyburn had earlier told **Osceola** that the farming out of discrimination cases was necessary to get them speedily resolved, because the EEOC has a huge backlog of cases and it would be two years or longer before the federal agency could get most complaints settled.

Clyburn was sitting in the back of the room when Hines, Bradley and Kohn held their press conference. He became livid at Bradley's accusation, and told a member of the press, "Either he (Bradley) can't read or he is a damn liar." Said Clyburn later, "The State Human Affairs Law spells out our authority to contract with the federal government. If we weren't allowed to, we wouldn't do it."

The Human Affairs Commissioner hadn't cooled down completely when contacted by **Osceola** a week later. Besides Bradley's alleged misinformation, Clyburn was fuming over Hines' criticism of former commissioner George Hamilton, whom Clyburn replaced. Hines had claimed that Hamilton was too politically minded to do the job well -- the former commissioner vied unsuccessfully for the House of Representatives from Charleston.

Clyburn, however, maintained that the criticism was meant to intimidate him, and it was not valid. "George Hamilton is no longer here," Clyburn emphasized. And he took the local newspapers to task for printing Hines' and Bradley's jibes, saying "it's stupid, it's asinine -- it's something the press people shouldn't write." According to Clyburn, Hines later admitted he wasn't sure if the practices he was criticizing Hamilton for allowing still prevailed under the new commissioner.

"Just a political ploy" was Clyburn's description of the press conference and the legislation. One of the representatives who introduced the bill "said he knew it had no chance of passing, but he just wanted to run on it," said Clyburn. Hines, Kohn and Bradley "are from heavily Birch districts," Clyburn maintained, and they are using the Human Affairs issue to court the anti-black vote.

The timing of the anti-Commission bill is important because the the bill seems to be an attempt to make Clyburn back down on a new Human Affairs Law he is currently seeking. When the Commission was created by the General Assembly three years ago, it was given pretty much of an advisory role in discrimination matters. The Commission was given, and still has, no enforcement powers to use against either public or private violators, and its only real weapon is public opinion. And there has been much debate whether the Commission can intervene in cases of discrimination by city and local governments. Opponents of the Commission have claimed that the present Human Affairs Law doesn't give the Commission the right to investigate municipal cases, only cases against the state government.

The effect of all the debate over the Human Affairs Commission's jurisdiction and powers has been to weaken the Commission considerably -- something Clyburn won't accept. He's been pushing for a new law that would give the Commission enforcement powers and would extend its jurisdiction to include municipal and local governments, and also complaints against private persons.

The ultimate intent of the revision of the Human Affairs Law would be to qualify the Human Affairs Commission for "deferral agency" status with the federal government. This would mean that EEOC would be able to refer a number of its cases in South Carolina to the Human Affairs Commission for resolution, and that the Commission would also be eligible for other federal sources of funding not now available to it.

To be eligible for deferral agency status, the Commission must meet certain EEOC guidelines.

Jim Clyburn

The state must pass laws prohibiting employment discrimination that are as stringent as existing EEOC requirements, and it must set up an agency (the Human Affairs Commission, in this case) to investigate complaints and to take the charges to court, if necessary. Currently, the Commission does not yet have the legal status to take a violator into any of the state's courts; thus, unless the Human Affairs Law were altered, the Commission could not meet the EEOC deferral agency requirements.

Opposition to the proposed amendments to the Human Affairs Law has been strong in the business community. When Clyburn announced the proposed amendments, the state Chamber of Commerce in January responded with charges that there would be "double jeopardy" for employers (at the state and federal levels), that the changes would cost South Carolina's taxpayers thousands of dollars in additional administrative expense, and that the Human Affairs Commission was not "knowledgeable" enough about private businesses' needs to "justify expanding its authority to cover private employers."

It was quite a slap in the face to Clyburn and his coworkers. He responded with a press conference and a statement refuting the Chamber of Commerce allegations.

Clyburn contended that the term "double jeopardy" was "most objectionable," and also most inaccurate. "...To assume that the Commission's handling of cases would be routinely overseen and probably over-turned by its federal counterpart, EEOC, is completely unreasonable and unfounded," the commissioner replied.

Clyburn also said that taxpayers

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Cheap Shots

It's not too late yet

It still may not be too late to stop the controversial Richard B. Russell Dam at Trotters Shoals on the Savannah River, if South Carolina and Georgia environmentalists are able to muster considerable public support in the next few weeks even though preliminary construction formalities have already been undertaken at the site.

At least that's what we've determined from talking with Third District Congressman Butler Derrick (whose district includes the 29,000 acres to be inundated by the dam), members of Gov. James Edwards' staff, and environmentalists with the Upper Savannah River Defense Association.

The pros and cons of the Trotters Shoals have been debated for years (See **Osceola**, December 6, 1974). Environmentalists decry the damming of the 30-mile section of the Savannah, the last section of the once-wild river which seperates South Carolina and Georgia, and have commissioned reports which conclude that wildlife in the area would be severely affected by the dam. A report by Wildlife department biologists warned: "Though already quite changed from its original natural state, this ecological relic will be sacrificed, a development which should be of as much concern to the people of the area as the extinction of the passenger pigeon or the loss of the bald eagle." Meanwhile, proponents of the dam -- chiefly former Third District Congressman and gubernatorial candidate William Jennings Bryan Dorn and the notorious U.S. Army Corps of Engineers -- have claimed for

Butler Derrick

years that the dam would bring "tourism" to the economically depressed areas of South Carolina and Georgia which will border the lake. Proponents used virtually the same arguments 20 years ago to justify construction of the Clark Hill reservoir down the Savannah, and Trotters Shoals foes are quick to point out that Clark Hill is anything but a tourist mecca these days. In fact, very little recreational or economic benefits have resulted from the construction of Clark Hill.

At any rate, **Osceola** learned this week that officials in the Edwards administration met recently to discuss the Trotters Shoals project. Sources in the governor's office say that Edwards still hasn't formulated a stand on the project and probably won't until his staff has thoroughly examined his options.

These same sources hint, however, that sentiment is currently turning against the project -- essentially because Edwards' aides do not believe that the $200 million project will provide any benefit to the people of the state or region.

"First of all it (Trotters Shoals) will cost an enormous amount to build at a time when the governor believes federal and state government spending should be cut back and, secondly, there seems to be little or no real need for it," the Edwards staffer explained.

These sources indicate Edwards' is likely to announce a decision soon, since the federal budget bill which would include more funds for Trotters Shoals (only $2 million has been appropriated so far) will be coming up soon in the Congress. Although opposition by Edwards would not constitute an absolute veto of the project, a strong statement by the governor might be enough to convince the men in Washington that the dam must not be needed -- especially if the governor of the state in which it is to be located is opposed to it.

In Washington, freshman Congressman Derrick has asked the Commission on Environmental Quality to re-open its file on Trotters Shoals. Though Derrick says he "generally agrees with the concept of Trotters Shoals dam," he feels that additional study wouldn't hurt anything. "Most people in my district are for it from what I'm able to tell, but there's not really all that much interest in it to tell you the truth. We get maybe one or two letters a week concerning Trotters Shoals," Derrick told us.

Derrick says he is now soliciting the opinions of his constituents on the matter. And if members of the Upper Savannah River Defense Association (USRDA) get their way, he'll get some. For the past three weeks, USRDA has been leafleting the area with anti-Trotters Shoals literature and talking with sportsmen and residents in the Trotters Shoals area, urging them to write Derrick, Sens. Hollings and Thurmond, and Gov. Edwards, urging them to help halt the structure. "We want the people all over the state to realize that there is still enough time to do something," says one Columbia environmentalist.

And he just may be right.

Unwelcome stranger

It happens every spring...or at least every spring after a fall election.

And April 14 down at Carolina Coliseum was no different, as nearly 1500 people paid $50 for a plate of chicken and a chance to "honor" former Congressman and unsuccessful gubernatorial candidate Bryan Dorn.

The featured speaker for the evening was Sen. Lloyd Bentsen of Texas, a millionaire and announced presidential aspirant, who displayed his rhetorical talents with statements like, "We are perhaps the busiest and most active nation in the world's history, yet we seem curiously paralyzed...we are the world's most successful nation. But we are acting like a failure."

The dinner was designed, of course, not to honor Dorn so much as to help him bury a $170,000 debt he piled up during his bid for the governorship last year. And many of Bryan's personal and political friends chipped in their $50 to help their old buddy. The evening could have been called a complete success but for one small blemish caused by the man who gave Dorn more trouble than Sherman gave Atlanta.

Seated inconspicuously at a table tucked away in one corner of the great hall was Charles "Pug" Ravenel, the man who many Dorn supporters claim behaved like a spoiled child last year and denied Dorn the win. Seated next to Ravenel, taking copious notes was Marvin Chernoff, who managed Ravenel's campaign and now operates a public relations and advertising firm in Columbia.

Ravenel's presence served only to remind many of the Dorn Democrats present at the shindig of the young politician's impact on their man last November and Ravenel certainly couldn't have come to the dinner to enjoy the camaraderie.

His attendance could have been prompted by a desire to mend fences while 1978 is still three years off. It's rumored that Ravenel plans to take on Strom Thurmond in 1978 and everyone knows what a mammoth task that will be. So Pug gritted his teeth and sat quietly through the Dorn dinner, by his mere presence letting the Demos know that he isn't going to slither back to New Yawk and he isn't ashamed of what he did.

Columbia Gallery is offering all graphics, prints, paintings and posters at a 20% to 40% reduction in price from April 21 through May 3. Graphics by Salvador Dali, Peter Max, Leonard Baskin, Siquieros, Tamayo, Alexander Calder. Many paintings and prints by South Carolina and Columbia artists. Posters representing the work of many contemporary artists. Columbia Gallery, Inc., 2218 Devine Street, Columbia, S. C.

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national topics

TRB
FROM WASHINGTON

Ye eyes onlie

Rummaging through a dusty file in the Boston Antiquarian Society the other day we found a brittle brown envelope in a crevice, quaintly labeled, "General Thomas Gage, Province of Maffachufetts Bay, April, 1775."

The enclosure, marked "Ye Eyes Onlie," was from the Colonial Intelligence Agency (CIA) and appeared to be a file on a local troublemaker, Sam'l Adams. Two attached documents gave different evaluations of the first report.

With trembling hands we smoothed out the priceless 200-year-old manuscript, which was stamped "His Majesty's Service - Top Secret - Confidential - To be Shredded." How it escaped destruction we can only surmise.

The first letter in a rough, undisciplined hand revealed that agent XYZ had recently made a covert entry into the office of Sam'l Adams' chirurgeon in hope of gathering defamatory evidence of the former's "cholers and vapors," along with possible evidence of French subsidies. Apparently he was unsuccessful. But XYZ, it appeared, had also effected penetration of the circle that met nightly in Tom Dawes' garret where, the report asserted, "they use tobacco and drink flip" and prepare of the morrow's town meeting in a "smoak-filled room." He gained a reputation as a hothead in these conspiracies, XYZ reported, rather demurely, and it greatly went against the grain of his loyal conscience and he hoped it would be considered in reckoning his pay.

The agent's superiors must have been aware of the situation but the extent of Sam'l Adams' operations seems surprising even at this day. He moved by symbols: a simple elm on the Common became a "Liberty Tree" from which hung effigies; "Sons of Liberty" were recruited from boisterous elements who cowed timid Loyalists; the unhappy incident of 1770 where a street crowd pelted British sentries and there was bloodshed, had become a "massacre" commemorated on its anniversary each year although (noted the informer) Sam'l Adams' very cousin, John Adams, lawyer from Braintree and married to Mistress Abigail, though a tainted "leveler" himself, could not accept the "massacre" and defended the accused soldiery in court.

Agent XYZ now disclosed that three articles in the public prints signed respectively "Candidus," "Vindex" and "Policola" were all one man, to wit Sam'l Adams. He had drafted no less than 40 such polemics under 25 names. More important, he had extended his underground to the four principal towns of His Majesty's North American colonies: Philadelphia, 30,000; New York, 25,000; Boston, 18,000; and Charleston, SC, 10,000. The loyalist counteragency, Friends of British Intelligence (FBI), was now infiltrating the Adams operation, Committee of Correspondence.

Agent XYZ finished with two items that must have brought his superiors right up straight in their oak chairs, and the quill splutters at the words: Conspirators have stored military goods in meeting houses of Lexington and Concord, and ring-leaders Sam'l Adams and John Hancock are riding shortly from Boston to Philadelphia to participate in a "continental congress," or some such affair, with other knavish agitators.

What a sensation those disclosures would have created if given to Seymour Hersh of the local **Boston News-Letter**! Attached to the XYZ document is a position paper from his superior, stamped "HM Policy Planning Council." It urges caution. Granted that the forces of the world's greatest power have nothing to fear from the homespun yeomen of this rude land, yet some of the malcontents seem sincere. Would it not be better to yield a little? Will not direct confrontation play into the hands of foxy Sam'l Adams? Futhermore in this cursed frozen land, where the winter lasts six months and the stiffnecked inhabitants, stubborn as the nails of pride and given to quoting the Bible pharisaically down their long noses, have no concept of gentlemanly military strategy or the prescribed rules of war and might turn every stone wall into a barricade.

This writer, like agent XYZ, proceeds to make disclosures, presumably to Gen. Gage. The wile of their adversaries, he admonishes, can hardly be estimated. Only last month, March 6, Boston had its latest town meeting circumventing Gen. Gage's specific order that no new meeting be held without specific permission. The rogues argued that their last meeting, in August, was "adjourned" not "dissolved," so this was merely a continuation.

Thinking to unstabilize the meeting, the letter continues, the Colonial Intelligence Agency brought 300 officers, restive for action, to fill the rear of the meeting house where the fifth commemorative anniversary of Sam'l Adams' cursed "massacre" was called. At the first insult to his Majesty, Col. James by prearrangement would throw an egg, which would be the signal for out swords, to teach these louts a lesson. The young officers had scores to settle in this inhospitable shore where even 'til recently the holiday of Christmas was disdained as a pagan rite.

But see the wile of this serpentine Sam'l Adams! Perceiving the British stratagem, he invited the officers to come front, with feigned politeness and malignant softness, and put the abashed soldiers in the wrong by his malevolent courtesy, following which Dr. Joseph Warren made a very modest, quiet address. For his part, concludes the writer, he is pleased at the peaceful outcome for there is progress and light at the end of the tunnel.

The third message is in a firm, military hand boldly written across the top of the foregoing document apparently from Gen. Gage himself. Orders for Maj. John Pitcairn. Prepare a task force from the 11 regiments closing Boston harbor 'til the spilled tea is paid for. These malcontents can be cowed by a show of force, for the majority is loyal. We rely, the message says, on the forgotten man. Only one bad apple will corrupt a firkin. Too many have been seduced, Gen. Gage writes, by these Harvard intellectuals. Boston must be tamed now, lest other areas fall like a row of dominoes. You are directed to apprehend Sam'l Adams and Hancock, dead or alive. Put a watch on roads from Boston, with special vigilance on one Paul Revere, silversmith, suspected courier.

The letter, dated April 17, rather pretentiously dubs the plan Operation Rolling Thunder. On to Lexington and Concord, it orders.

Feiffer

I ALWAYS SEE MYSELF IN THE THIRD PERSON.
WHEN I'M ALONE I SEE MYSELF ALONE -
WHICH MAKES ME SORRY FOR MYSELF.
WHEN I'M WITH PEOPLE I SEE MYSELF TALKING AND NOT LISTENING.
WHICH MAKES ME DESPISE MYSELF.
WHEN I'M IN LOVE I SEE MYSELF IN LOVE -
WHICH MAKES ME OUT OF LOVE.
THE ONLY TIME I DON'T SEE MYSELF IN THE THIRD PERSON IS WHEN I VISIT MY PARENTS.
I SEE MY PARENTS IN THE FIRST PERSON.
AND I DON'T SEE ME AT ALL.

JACK ANDERSON
AND THE WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

WASHINGTON - Fear is growing inside the State Department and Pentagon that the fall of Saigon, now considered a certainty, may result in a bloodbath between the South Vietnamese and Americans.

The experts are deeply concerned that when Americans evacuate the city, South Vietnamese citizens and soldiers will panic and attack them. Thus, military and diplomatic officials have for weeks been assembling and updating contingency plans for such an emergency.

But even if the evacuation goes smoothly, hundreds of people who want to get out will be left behind. Much of the responsibility for this catastrophe, insiders have complained to us, can be attributed to the U.S. ambassador in Saigon, Graham Martin.

He is a fanatic believer in the South Vietnamese cause and, we are told, has absolutely refused to accept the possibility of a communist victory.

Behind the U.S. embassy in Saigon, for example, a recreation facility called the "American Club" is being built. One person who recently returned from Vietnam told us that, under Martin's guidance, the carpenters were still hammering and sawing away just a few days ago.

As a consequence of this attitude, our sources say, Martin has done little to get his employes out of the country. Insiders are worried that the tragic scene which recently occurred in Da Nang will be repeated. When the U.S. consulate there was hastily abandoned, scores of Vietnamese employes were stranded.

State Department spokesmen say the evacuation of Americans has proceeded slowly to avoid creating panic among the South Vietnamese. At Congressional urging, however, President Ford has now given "very high priority" to the American pullout.

Also left behind when South Vietnam is finally abandoned will be thousands of orphans who could not be brought out on Operation Baby Lift. The blame for this lies mainly with the South Vietnamese bureaucracy.

Most of the 1,700 orphans who were flown out of Vietnam over the past three weeks had already been processed before the big airlift began. Arranging for additional adoptions, however, proved virtually impossible.

Funereal Faux Pas: The recent furor over which American dignitary would attend Chiang Kai-shek's funeral can be blamed directly on Secretary of State Henry Kissinger.

At first, President Ford planned to send Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz to Taiwan. This, according to our sources, was Kissinger's recommendation. But the Nationalist Chinese protested furiously, and Vice President Nelson Rockefeller was dispatched to Taipei instead.

Since he opened the doors to Red China, Kissinger has studiously courted Peking. He has gone out of his way to favor Taiwan with any gesture that could be interpreted as friendly. He has instructed his associates, according to our sources, that he personally will make all decisions regarding the two Chinas. And his rule of thumb has been to deny virtually all requests made by Taiwan. At times, his treatment of the Nationist Chinese has been openly insulting.

It was this policy, as much as anything, which dictated the choice of Earl Butz to attend Chiang Kai-shek's funeral.

In truth, Kissinger himself would have benefitted from a trip to Taiwan. Our sources say he has never set foot on the island. ■

The Human Affairs affair

(Continued from page 3)

would not have to pay much more, if any, for anti-discrimination work that the Commission would get when it received deferral status. While the number of cases would be increased by about one-third, Clyburn told later critics, the Commission would only require three new employees. And since deferral status would qualify the Commission for funds from the EEOC, the Office of Revenue Sharing, and other federal agencies -- funds which the Commission can't legally get now because it is merely a "notice agency" of the EEOC -- the extra costs could be more than offset by the availability of the heretofore untapped wells of wealth.

Finally, Clyburn berated the Chamber of Commerce for questioning the ability of Commission workers, whom he said are trained by the EEOC. "With a minimum amount of research," he wrote, "those responsible for the Chamber's position paper could have learned of the efficiency and fairness which has characterized the operations of the...Commission."

But Clyburn's retorts apparently eluded his critics' perception like water rolls off a duck's back, for the same criticisms continue to be made. Ironically, some of South Carolina's most vehement states-righters are opposing the Human Affairs Law amendments, which would allow the state to perform and control functions which the federal government is now handling. In a letter to the lieutenant governor explaining the proposed changes, Clyburn told Harvey that the changes would "allow for the resolution of state problems at the state level rather than through federal intervention." And the federal government, in contrast to conservative paranoia about encroaching federal government control over everything we do, in this case is actually trying its darnedest to pass the power to South Carolina.

But opponents of the anti-discrimination agency aren't stupid. They realize that the EEOC already has a two-year backlog of cases, and that consequently anyone living in South Carolina who wishes to pursue a discrimination case entirely through the EEOC can be assured of at least two years before the charges are settled. On the other hand, Clyburn estimated that the Human Affairs Commission could handle the same complaint in anywhere from four to six months in most cases. So anyone who doesn't want to be bothered with complaints about racist and sexist employment practices would, quite naturally, rather leave it to the feds.

The only drawback to this conservative strategy is that if the EEOC should take two years to settle a case and then rule against the employer, that would mean the employer might have to give two years back pay to the complainant. But if the state Human Affairs Commission had been able to come to the same conclusion in only half a year, that would mean the offending employer would only be liable for six months back pay. Thus, supporters of the changes say, the new law would actually **save** the business community money, as well as reducing drastically the amount of time spent on each discrimination case.

The proposed changes in the Human Affairs Law are now being studied by the Legislative Liaison Committee set up by Lieutenant Governor Brantley Harvey earlier this year. The committee has only recommendatory powers, but because it includes a number of powerful senators and representatives, how it reports on a piece of legislation could have considerable effect on whether the bill is passed or rejected.

The Liaison Committee was scheduled to report on the amendments to the Human Affairs law last week, but the members became tied up with the fight over Title XX funds control and reportedly were unable to find time to make a report. However, a source at the State House suggested that the committee wasn't in much of a hurry to report on the Human Affairs amendments. Apparently, the "old guard" members -- Senators Rembert C. Dennis and Marion Gressette, Rep. Julian LeaMond, and the like -- are adamantly opposed to the changes, while the more liberal element on the committee (Senators Isadore Lourie, Harris P. Smith, and John Drummond, and Representatives Bobby Kneece, Ramon Schwartz, and Ernest Finney, plus Speaker Rex Carter) were championing the amendments. The source said the Liaison Committee, wanting to keep a facade of unanimity, would rather not have to make a report on the amendments at all.

The source said he expects the House Judiciary Committee to report out the Human Affairs amendments soon, and the House to approve them and send them on to the Senate. But, he said, the amendments probably won't get out of the Senate Judiciary Committee -- commonly referred to as "Gressette's Graveyard" because of chairman Gressette's penchant for killing legislation there that he doesn't like.

Support for the amendments is expected to come from Harvey and Carter, who were to have held a press conference last week announcing their endorsement just after the Legislative Liaison Committee was to have reported the bill out (which it didn't). The Liaison Committee's approval of the amendments would be significant enough to probably assure Senate passage, but it doesn't look like it's forthcoming. And it's doubtful that a piece of legislation as potentially annoying to the governmental and business communities as this legislation is could be enacted without "old guard" support.

To make things worse for Clyburn, Governor James Edwards is reported to be unalterably opposed to the amendments. An observer, asked why, ventured, "His philosophy on this is the same as Hines."

But the Human Affairs Commissioner seems undaunted by the opposition.

Clyburn feels the support for expanding the power and jurisdiction of the Commission "has picked up tremendously," and that's why Hines and friends are picking this particular time to try to scuttle the Commission. The theory of anti-Commission legislators, Clyburn, explained, is that if they can't get the agency abolished, they might at least intimidate the commissioner into seeking more moderate changes.

But Jim Clyburn has been under fire before, and he knows how to fight back. He doesn't expect the Hines bill to even get out of the House Judiciary Committee, and he says the earlier 78-13 setback for Hines and Anderson shows where sentiment lies for the Human Affairs Commission.

But if a challenge presents itself, it's not likely Clyburn will back down. When he growls, "I don't intimidate easily," you've just got to believe him.

John Bradley

Richard Hines

BHAGAVAN DAS
IN CONCERT

"The true musician is one who listens . . . listens to the inner sound . . . the sound within the silence . . . the sound which no ear can hear. Such a being tunes to the song of songs and can, himself, sing only one song . . . a song of praise and reverence and devotion and at-one-ment with that cosmic voice, the aspect of God's face which grace has revealed to him. There are many ways to listen to Bhagavan Das sing. As an aesthetic experience it is bliss-permeated. And as a method of yoga (or bringing one to union) it speaks for itself."

Ram Dass

Bhagavan Das sings the blues in Yogic Sanskrit like a perfect Virgin
Bhagavan Das sat on the street with beggars half a decade crying all alone
Bhagavan Das wanders around the planet like a big yellow robed dope
Bhagavan Das is my mother that's why I kiss Bhagavan Das' feet singing Ah Ah Ah Ah Ah!

Allen Ginsberg

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Filmmakers/Fred Wiseman

A documentary master of the absurd and tragic

He is a soft-spoken, unimposing man who exudes an air of vague boredom at his surroundings (can we blame him?) and answers questions with an undertone of ironic amusement. It's really hard to tell by looking at him that Fred Wiseman is one of the leading filmmakers, perhaps the leading maker of documentaries in America today, but such he is and anyone needing proof could find it in abundance with the showing of his **High School** and **Primate** over at USC on Tuesday, April 22. Wiseman was appearing at the University to show and discuss these two movies, and I will report the substance of his remarks shortly; but the real stars of the evening were the films themselves.

Primate is the most recent of Wiseman's documentaries, first being shown only several months ago, and like his previous films it was made for the public television network and focuses on a single social institution. It's also characteristic in its use of Wiseman's deceptively simple yet enormously complex style. His technique is simply to go in with cameras and live with the subjects, to show them at their jobs in real-life situations and ultimately, through accumulated exposure, to show how the particular institutions work -- or don't work. It's a highly **cinematic** method of working that doesn't resort to narration and that seems closer to Flaherty, **Nanook** and **Man of Aran**, than more recent, investigative styles of documentaries.

Wiseman's films can hit audiences with a wallop, perhaps not so much because of the subjects themselves -- as Wiseman later stated his first impression of the setting for **High School**: "a great nauseous wave of boredom came leaping back" -- as because Wiseman's process of selection makes the material suddenly absorbing, funny, and a coherent development toward a specific theme -- in short, into a work of art. The nature of this process can be seen in the fact that it took only a month to gather the material for **Primate** and a year to edit it, that Wiseman's typical shooting/final film ratio is 30:1. And like most important works of art, Wiseman's movies have the capability of engaging all of our emotions simultaneously, of making the audience totally alive to the experience.

Certainly there is much to both laugh and sorrow at in **Primate**. I have often wondered how those specialists in animal husbandry or sex researchers managed to keep their composure; there's something so visually comic about the sex act that surely they must stifle a titter into their data recorders every now and then. Well, the scientists at Yerkes Primate Laboratory in Atlanta spend much of their time ejaculating monkeys, discussing mounting techniques, inserting frequency reactive dildos into ape rectums to measure erection time, watching primates copulate, and never bat an eyelash. I think Wiseman may have made a major discovery here: the poker-faced seriousness of these scientists is so hilariously surreal that no fiction filmmaker would have dared attempt it -- **Dr. Strangelove** is by comparison meticulously realistic and believable.

Fred Wiseman

"Wiseman's movies have the capability of engaging all of our emotions simultaneously."

In the last few months **Primate** has generated considerable controversy, mostly from those very scientists who say they were made fools of, which of course they were. But more generally a publicity sensitive scientific community has accused Wiseman of being unfair, of showing the gruesome and absurd side of the Yerkes experiments without explaining them. I think this criticism is totally irrelevant. Certainly **Primate** has some particularly disturbing sequences, as in the methodical vivisection of a rhesus monkey, that seem of questionable scientific value. But what it's really about is a total lack of perspective and humor by these investigators about what they're doing. After a while the individuals (who are obviously adopting what they consider ideal roles for the camera) become distinguishable as characters in a farce, a black comedy of manners as penetrating and perhaps as universal as any by Ben Jonson or William Congreve. And when the head of the lab says in a final staff conference that "all research is useful" it's obvious that he really believes this self-serving declaration. The attitudes of some of these men make the final big bang of **Dr. Strangelove** seem somewhat closer. Incidentally, **Primate** has never been shown on South Carolina ETV, and when I called up to enquire why, I was told by Gene Upright (yes!) of ETV programming that ETV previews all incoming shows and that the networked PBS specials are sometimes bumped to make room for locally originated programs -- two showings in one week of James Edwards on William F. Buckley, for example.

High School is, I think, a better film than **Primate**, perhaps because it comes more directly to grasp with what are admittedly less ambiguous issues. And there is something extraordinarily moving about seeing the movie now, seven years after it was made. The look and manner of the 1968 setting can evoke the same kind of cultural deja vu as **Shampoo**, and the regimentation and repression of this school (Northeast High in Philadelphia) and above all the ever present conformity of dress and behavior are something everyone can respond to -- they may want to sit around later as I did and swap stories of their own high school horrors. Wiseman handles the subject with characteristic facility, and the teachers and principals gradually reveal themselves with their constant talk of duty, doing your job, respect, and not offending the group. Like **Primate**, it shows, as Wiseman later stated, how society moves to "control sexual and aggressive behavior."

But there was another reason why **High School** is now almost painful to watch. The movie concludes with a true kicker that suddenly brings it all together: the principal gets up before an auditorium and reads a letter from a boy going into combat in Vietnam who thanks her for all she has done to prepare him for his duty, his job, and she observes that such a letter "means we have been very successful." Now that we know beyond any question just how wasted all those lives were, the sequence is almost unbearable. We have seen in the course of the movie how those young men were trained and molded by their educational system to die for nothing, and if **Primate** is high comedy, **High School** is ultimately the grimmest kind of tragedy. Will **High School** become the epitaph to that tragic Vietnammed period?

* * * * *

Afterwards, Wiseman talked about his films. He responded to charges that **Primate** was a hatchet job by stating that it was "not objective, but fair" and that his purpose was to show some of the fallacies in "that metaphysical concept known as the scientific method." That is, his purpose after the film was in the can for he said that he rarely approached a work with preconceptions or if he did, usually discarded them in the course of filming. "I discover the film as I make it."

Wiseman expanded on his working methods -- usually just a camera and sound man and assistant to change film magazines. He said this kind of low profile operation was what enabled him to get such candid reactions and also why he only uses black-and-white photography since color would necessitate extra lights and equipment and black-and-white simply "looks better." Since he edits so much of the material out, he agreed that his movies were not so much documentaries as a kind of personalized film view of the subject. "a form of fiction that works because it appears to be real." (An observation to be compared with Truman Capote's statements on his so-called "nonfiction novel." **In Cold Blood**). The major physical hazard of documentary filming? -- "biting your tongue" since any irreverent outburst could blow "a sequence and maybe a whole film."

Speaking on the commercial problems of making such movies, Wiseman complained that it is "difficult to get anything independently produced on commercial TV" and there is very little market for theatrical documentaries "unless the Rolling Stones are in them." And there are also legal problems since he has been sued for three of his movies by irate individuals who usually love to be on camera at first but change their minds as the reviews appear. Wiseman defends the camera view of personalities since people tend to "fall back on their natural behavior" when nervous.

Most significant of the comments to me was Wiseman's denial of an us versus them approach to his work, that his subjects were simply human beings whose actions and failings were representative of us all. I think that is what ultimately makes these films so absorbing, since we are seeing people and institutions as they really are rather than through the tired attitudes and cliches of most TV or film documentaries. Somewhere between fact and art Wiseman has created virtually a new form of movie making -- brilliantly utilizing the best from both.

by Venson Steadman

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Books

Sci-fi coffee break for religion

The Day The Sun Stood Still
Three Original Novellas of Science Fiction by Poul Anderson, Gordon R. Dickson and Robert Silverberg

Illustration by Lynn Cansler

The Day The Sun Stood Still manages to distill the most vaporous question in man's intellectual history into an entertaining vial of philosophical elixir. Leave it to science fiction, as Isaac Asimov might say with pride, to breathe fresh air into the oldest bag of Aristotelian absurdity. This little book of three original novellas by three sci-fi writers of the first rank is not exactly brand new (out since 1972), nor is it the current talk of the town inside or out of the science fiction fraternity, but it is a provocative collection in its own modest and bumbling way, a small pebble designed to stir big ripples in even the thickest of farm-pond minds. Perhaps quite inadvertently this book pushes that ever-boring dead-end query **Does God exist?** into the same league of intrigue with **Do Flying Saucers?** though the points each novella makes are deeper than mere fancy and are anything but escapist.

What makes this little book of immediate practical interest (in the simple terms of the "creative process") is that each author is here presenting his individual response to the exact problematic theme set down rather explicitly by Lester del Rey in the brief introduction. And what a theme: What would happen to "the ways of men" if there appeared on the present turbulent global scene a prophet-type figure who exhorted the world to pray for a Sign from God that He existed and was watching over us and was at least theoretically capable of bailing us out of any predicament? And what would happen if the mass of mankind went along with this "prophet" and prayed and lo and behold the earth just plain stopped in its orbit for 24 hours? No strings attached. No catastrophic geophysical consequences. No earthquakes or tidal waves. The damn thing just stops rotating and revolving for 24 earthly hours. The sun "stands still" in the "heavens." On request. A cosmic spoon-bending by the Supreme Master Psychic. "What kind of world might exist," asks Del Rey, "where the basis of faith is replaced by certain knowledge?" The authors are therefore more or less directed to focus on the **psychological** consequences of this grand inconsequentiality.

Poul Anderson, in "A Chapter of Revelation" brings the designated miracle to a world on the absolute verge of nuclear holocaust and works out a scenario which is the most cynical and apocalyptic of the three. The key to this story, as well as to the others, lies not in the philosophizing of this or that character but in the solution to the plot. Anderson's "prophet" is a humble garage mechanic named Louis Habib. Habib happens to appear quite innocently on a television talk show and diffidently suggests that the world pray for a sign from God. Haltingly, the poor little man sets a time for the beseechment. The idea of mass prayer at a single moment spreads like a brush fire in the shadow of the impending holocaust. One week later the afternoon shadow freezes two feet to the left of the monkey wrench on the floor of Habib's Garage and over-night (or in 24 hours) little Louis is one hell of a famous man. Peripheral characters sit around in the wake of the alleged miracle and make unctuous philosophical gestures. But Anderson's response, as just suggested, lies in the solution of the plot, a dire prediction which betrays a low assessment of human nature. Coin us, **homo panicus.**

Habib is immediately recruited by the President to become a public relations stooge for the United States in general and its military-industrial complex in particular. With simple integrity Habib balks at this role, then refuses to play it. He returns home, his necessary protection by the Secret Service summarily withdrawn, and finds his celebrity fatal. He is torn apart and unwound like a golf ball by one of hundreds of Bacchanalian mobs looking to his innards for the saving grace of some magical essence. Habib's few friends and family and a sympathetic scientist are left to ponder **why, why?** Anderson's story has a moral like a billboard which can only be inscribed in a mock-Biblical style: Ye ravage the body of your brother to find a certainty lost in your own.

The sun has already "stood still" when Robert Silverberg's "Thomas The Proclaimer" begins, and his "prophet," a counter-culture re-run of Elmer Gantry has the title role. In an incredible display of Jungian synchronicity Thomas has happened to predict the miracle and the universe has happened to comply. For a while this weak-kneed, charismatic hustler, bolstered by a sleazy manager, maintains his status as a miracle worker. He is a "rock star." Then catastrophe: in the name of Thomas though not at his behest thousands drown themselves like lemmings in the sea. Thomas' gig as saint is up abruptly. Overnight his name is like that of Charles Manson magnified a thousand times in lights. Hundreds of competing orders rise to take the prize. Like Habib, Thomas is eventually murdered by a mob (shouting "Judas! Judas!"), but Silverberg's primary focus throughout the story is on the global hysteria as institutionalized in diverse sects each interpreting the Sign in their respective One True Ways. They fight...Obviously Silverberg's scenario is not so much of a prediction as it is an allegory of the history of world religion: rival tribes competing vehemently, then rabidly for the inside track on this or that "divine revelation," and finally killing each other to settle the argument. Winner take all. If we had to extrapolate a moral to Silverberg's story it would be: There is no one true way to interpret even a sign with a capital "S."

The last response, Gordon Dickson's "Things Which Are Caesar's," is the least apocalyptic, most contemplative scenario and, it seems to me, a perfect way to sum the whole mess up. It focuses on a random group of individuals anticipating, then waiting out the 24 hours in the sweltering heat of a wooded campground. Dickson places his characters before a backdrop of their own hopes and fears and checkered pasts. In the wake of the "miracle" this situation is, naturally, an occasion for the penultimate sensitivity session -- and this is often how the story reads, though with the inevitable cryptic overtones. Dickson's weighty prophet-figure, a Six-Millenial Man who has seen it all, done it all, knows it all is a bit too incongruently mystical for my taste and the occasion but in the dialogue between this handsome god and a middle-aged drifter named Dave Wilober we get the brightest message of the book: The Sign is ultimately trivial. What still matters most is man's ill-treatment of his fellow man coupled with and dependent upon his own sorry lack of self-knowledge. Another member of the campground ensemble, a former preacher named Walt, has impossible difficulties churning up the sense of certainty that the Sign was supposed to stimulate. And from his example we learn that lack of what most of the characters (and perhaps their creators) corruptly call "faith" is the very essence of their resilience as whole-cloth human beings. For its almost disgustingly obvious that the various worlds here depicted were praying feverishly not for faith (an open and trusting attitude toward reality), but for Big Brother and the totalitarian cosmos, and for the poor dumb ecstasy of animalhood in the Garden of Eden. (This last, of course, not an unreasonable alternative to the way things are in any given historical period.)

The scenarios have their faults, paramount of which in my opinion is a total lack of skeptical humor. Their most glaring (I should say throbbing) similarity is a tone which is alternately ostentatious and devotional in its solemnity. Since each author is dealing with the kind of beliefs and ultimate concerns that are supposed to draw people together emotionally, or force them to confront one another anew, their stories are humanistic almost to the point of sour sentimentality, so a-technological as to seem almost by design to be the proper Disney response to **Brave New World.** The basic problem with most of the characters created for **The Day The Sun Stood Still** can be summed up in this line lifted from **Beyond The Tragic Vision** by Morse Peckham: "Man is the victim of cosmic joke the point of which he can never see -- and consequently he can respond only to its cruelty but never to its humor." Only one character gives us a hint of this humor. One mad scientist in Poul Anderson's "A Day Of Revelation" sees the celebrated miracle as the ground-breaking for a new scientific edifice. "As astronomy once replaced astrology," he declares as he prepares to fire a rocket straight into the Face of God, "so now theonomy will replace theology."

Well, science is more than a glorious entertainment (as Jacque Barzun would have it), it's the grand buffoonery in the Great Shadow of Banality. With this in mind we can see why these sci-fi masters Poul Anderson, Gordon Dickson, and Robert Silverberg need only take a coffee break for religion -- men of science, so to speak, taking a fanciful moment to wonder a little too seriously what would happen if Genesis were really proved true.

Dan Lackey

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EVENTS & ENTERTAINMENT

APRIL 26- MAY 2, 1975
EDITED BY VENSON STEADMAN

cinema

ATLANTIC I THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"The Dragon Dies Hard." He does indeed. The late Bruce Lee's films just keep on coming. R. Show times are 3:30, 5:30, 7:30 and 9:30.

ATLANTIC II THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"Portrait" and "Women's Liberation." Both are X with first complete show at 3:30 and the last at 8:30.

CAROLINA THEATRE, 1223 Main Street, 252-8011

"The Dragon Dies Hard" is here also. 1:40, 3:30, 5:20 and 7:10.

CINE-ART THEATRE, 1017 Washington Street, 779-3039

"Deep Tango" stars Rene Bond. "Female Chauvinists" is the second feature. X as always with continuous shows from 1 p.m. and the last complete show at 10.

DUTCH SQUARE NORTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 789-1110

"The Great Waldo Pepper." No light at the end of the tunnel on this one. Actually, the action sequences in this film about barnstormers are unusually good, but who can take two hours of George Roy Hill's sugary direction, William Goldman's execrable dialogue, and Robert Redford flexing his dimples? G. 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9.

DUTCH SQUARE SOUTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 789-1110

For those who missed it the first time, "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" is back in Columbia so don't make the same mistake twice. Director Martin Scorsese ("Mean Streets") and writer Robert Getchell have produced a movie steeped in the feminist consciousness that is both fast, funny, and succeeds in making lib likable. A gorgeous performance by Ellen Burstyn who deserved every ounce of her Oscar award. R. The times are 1, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30 and 9:30.

FOX THEATRE, 1607 Main Street, 254-5212

"Live a Little, Steal a Lot" stars Robert Conrad, once of TV's "Wild, Wild West," as a true life Miami gangster called Merf the Surf. PG at 3, 5, 7 and 9.

GAMECOCK I THEATRE, Parkland Plaza Shopping Center, 796-0022

"Stavisky" is a stylized version of the life of the thirties gangster that got mixed notices in its New York run. See this one fast if you're going to since it probably won't stay. Directed by Alain Resnais ("Hiroshima, Mon Amour," "Last Year at Marienbad") and starring Jean-Paul Belmondo. PG. 1:45, 4, 6:15 and 8:30.

GAMECOCK II THEATRE, Parkland Plaza Shopping Center, 796-0022

"Young Frankenstein" is out one theatre and in another. Lots of people must be going back, but this one is worth seeing twice. With Gene Wilder as the mad doctor, Peter Boyle as the monster, Marty Feldman as Igor, and Mel Brooks directing his best work to date. PG. 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9.

JEFFERSON SQUARE THEATRE, Jefferson Square, Downtown, 254-6731

"The Reincarnation of Peter Proud" is trashy fun -- one of those hilariously terrible movies that are hard not to like even though those who take reincarnation seriously probably won't care for it. With Michael Sarrazin, Margot Kidder, and Jennifer O'Neill. R. 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9.

MIRACLE THEATRE, 1228 Main Street, 256-1950

"The Yakuza" is the story of an American hit man (Robert Mitchum) working in a Japanese crime syndicate. Directed by Sydney J. Pollack ("The Way We Were") and supposed to be particularly bloody. Rated R with shows at 3, 5:10, 7:20 and 9:30.

PALMETTO THEATRE, 1417 Mxin Street, 254-5800

"Shampoo" is a superb new comedy. Warren Beatty plays a Don Juan hairdresser who gives his customers more than just coiffing in a bedroom farce that is both funny and thoughtfully restrained. Good acting by Goldie Hawn, Lee Grant, and Julie Christie, solid direction by Hal Ashby, and a wise script by producer Beatty and Robert Towne ("Chinatown"). R. 3, 5, 7 and 9. The late show on April 26 is "Alice's Restaurant."

PLAZA III THEATRE, 1323 Main Street, 254-7960

"Harry and Tonto" returns. A beautiful, picaresque tale of an aging Lear (Art Carney) who sets out with his cat across the country, and while he can't get along with his messed-up middle aged offspring, he discovers America old and young. Director Paul Mazursky finds his stride in this marvelous film and we can only expect good things from him in the future. Art Carney gives what may be the performance of his career. See it, at 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9. R.

RICHLAND MALL I THEATRE, Richland Mall, 782-2228

"The Four Musketeers" stays over for another week. Columbians are obviously finding this combination of swashbuckling and slapstick adventure highly palatable. With Michael York, Christopher Lee, Oliver Reed, Faye Dunaway, and Raquel Welch. PG. With shows at 7 and 9.

RICHLAND MALL II THEATRE, Richland Mall, 782-2228

"The Stepford Wives" stars Katharine Ross in a science fiction fantasy about suburbanites who replace their wives with androids. It's rated PG and shows at 3:20, 5:20, 7:20 and 9:20. Late show on April 26 is "2001." "Candy" on May 2 and 3.

clubs

THE SECOND LEVEL, 2011 Devine Street, 771-4794

"Sour Mash" on the 25th and 26th. "Buzz Peele" on Tuesday (April 29); "Rusty Davis" on Wednesday (April 30); "Jim Lee and Connie" on Thursday (May 1); and "Home Boy Review," essentially the same personnel as "Savannah," on May 2 and 3. Charges are $1 on weekends, 50¢ during the week.

THE CHOPPING BLOCK, 1021 Briargate Circle, 772-2011

"Pat and Mary Hill" on the 25th and 26th. Eddie "Sweet Thang" Brown begins the following week for an extended stay. No cover charge.

JADE EAST, Carolina Inn, 937 Assembly Street, 799-8200

"Gary and the U.S. Bonds" on the weekend of April 25 and 26. $6 per couple.

THE NEW SOUTH MUSIC HALL AND WHISKEY PARLOR, 4614 Devine Street, 787-6505

"Revival" on the 25th and 26th. $2 cover charge.

THE POINT AFTER, 304 Greystone Blvd., 254-8101

"Coop and Company" on April 25 and 26. $1 for men and women get in free Monday through Thursday; $2.50 for singles and $5 for couples on the weekend. Half price with dinner.

THE LEFT GUARD, 2728 Rosewood Dr., 799-2575

"Single Tree" on the weekend of the 25th and 26th. $2 charge on Friday and Saturday with a membership card costing $5 per year and $1 per month.

specials

An evening with Appalshop is the scheduled program in the South Carolina Filmmaking series at the Columbia Museum of Art on Saturday, April 26 at 8 p.m. The program is a collection of works by the Appalachian Film Workshop, a group of independent filmmakers based in Kentucky who make movies about the life and culture of the mountain people. Two members of the workshop, Scott Faulkner and Gene Dubey, will appear to discuss the presentation.

The Midland Natural Growers Association will have Dr. Dan O. Ezell, horticulture professor at Clemson University, speaking on the subject "Varieties and their adaptability to the organic garden' at their Monday, April 28 meeting. The scheduled time is 7:30 p.m. at the SCE&G Building on Lady and Marion Streets.

A Spiritual Arts and Unity Conference will be sponsored by Amanda Marga, a meditation society in Charleston, on the weekend of May 24 and 25 at Hampton Park in Charleston. Anyone interested in presenting art, puppet shows, music, or mime on the theme of unity and spirituality should write to Spring Arts Festival, 35 Charlotte Street, Charleston, 29403 and an entry form will be returned. The deadline is May 1.

theatre

SCORE (South Carolina Open Road Ensemble) is now seeking young actors to perform in a school repertory tour next fall. Plays and casts have not yet been announced. The tour will last twelve weeks, and prospective applicants should be prepared to do considerable traveling and should preferably be professionally trained. Anyone wishing to audition should send a resume and letter of application to Meridith Meacham, SCORE, South Carolina Arts Commission, 829 Richland Street, Columbia, S.C. 29201

The Crucible will be presented by the Workshop Theatre on May 6 through 18, and the box office will open April 20. Performances will be at 8:30 p.m. on week nights and 3 p.m. on Sundays with no performances on Monday.

music

Gladys Knight and the Pips are scheduled at the Carolina Coliseum on May 10. Tickets are $7, $6, and &5 with special $5 tickets available for a breakfast after the performance.

The University of South Carolina Piano Trio will perform at 8 p.m. April 30 in Fraser Hall. The concert is open to the public without charge.

art

The Columbia Museum of Art is exhibiting sculpture by Jane Armstrong through May 7. Armstrong, who lives and works in Vermont, specializes in free-form sculpture that she invites the

(Continued on page 11)

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Events

(Continued from page ten)

enjoyment of blind persons. Also at the Museum from the 27th through May 18 will be the annual Spring Juried exhibit of works by local artists.

television

Saturday, April 26

1 p.m. - Basketball. NBA Play-off, second round game. (Channel 19)

2:15 p.m. - Baseball. The St. Louis Cardinals vs. the Chicago Cubs from Wrigley Field. (Channel 10)

3 p.m. - Golf. Tournament of Champions from La Costa Country Club. Concludes tomorrow at 3:30. (Channel 25)

3:30 p.m. - Tennis. The Jimmy Connors-John Newcombe match live from Las Vegas. (Channel 19)

4:30 p.m. - Wide World of Sports. George Foreman against five opponents, for 18 rounds in an exhibition match from Toronto. (Channel 25)

9 p.m. - Movie. "Rosemary's Baby" first brought Roman Polanski to widespread attention with a typical blend of tightly directed performances and gothic grue. Much more sophistaicated than the Ira Levin novel. With Mia Farrow (her only noteworthy performance) and John Cassavetes. (Channel 25)

9 p.m. - Movie. "Hotel." Super-subplotted soap opera; Rod Taylor has sex with Catherine Spaak, but his real love is a big hotel filled with an assortment of predictable kooks and glamour types. A whory warm-up for the dumber but more honest "Airport" -- both from novels by Arthur Hailey. (Channel 10)

Sunday, April 27

2 p.m. - An Hour With Joan Baez. (Channel 35)

2:30 p.m. - NBA Basketball. Second round play-off. (Channel 19)

4 p.m. - History of the Motion Picture. Film historian Paul Killiam narrates this consistently interesting look at many of the less well known films of the silent period. (Channel 35)

5 p.m. - Danny Kaye hosts a TV "Look In" for children at the Metropolitan Opera in New York. With Robert Merrill, Beverly Sills, and Judith Blegen. (Channel 19)

7:30 p.m. - Evening at Symphony. William Steinberg conducts the Boston Symphony in Haydn's Symphony No. 55 and Beethoven's Symphony No. 7. (Channel 35)

8:30 p.m. - Movie. "The Man." James Earl Jones becomes the first black president of the U.S. of A. Any Rod Sterling script credit prompts bad expectations. (Channel 25)

10 p.m. - "A Shooting Gallery Called America" is an NBC News examination of the handgun problem. Carl Stern reports. (Channel 10)

10 p.m. - Performance at Wolf Trap. Beverly Sills stars in "The Daughter of the Regiment," an excellent staging from the Wolftrap Summer Festival outside Washington. (Channel 35)

Monday, April 28

8 p.m. - Smothers Brothers. Guests Ringo Starr, Lily Tomlin, and John Stewart could save this episode. The brothers are reportedly desperately trying to stay on the air. (Channel 10)

11:05 p.m. - Movie. "Willard." An army of rats nibble on Ernest Borgnine. With Bruce Davison and Elsa Lanchester. (Channel 19)

1 a.m. - Tomorrow. John Lennon recalls the heyday of the Beatles and talks about his recent activities. (Channel 10)

Tuesday, April 29

8:30 p.m. - Movie. "Returning Home" is a remake of "The Best Years of Our Lives" about servicemen returning from war, but the setting is still 1946 rather than 1973 which shows how once important popular culture can be ground up into video pablum. (Channel 25)

8:30 p.m. - Movie. "They Only Come Out at Night" stars Jack Warden ("Shampoo") as a ... you guessed it -- homicide investigator in Los Angeles. Originally titled "Jigsaw John." (Channel 10)

8:30 p.m. - The Thin Edge. A new series about psychological problems looks at "Guilt: The Psychic Sensor." (Channel 35)

Wednesday, April 30

8 p.m. - Magnificent Monsters of the Deep. A documentary about whales and their living habits. Narrated by Orson Welles. (Channel 19)

9 p.m. - The Blue Knight. Repeat of Joseph Wambaugh's miniseries about a tough Los Angeles cop. An Emmy to William Holden for his lead performance. Concludes tomorrow night. (Channel 10)

Thursday, May 1

9 p.m. - Conclusion of "The Blue Knight." (Channel 10)

9 p.m. - Movie. "Hawaii." This adaptation of James Michener's epic was a flop, perhaps because such otherwise fine actors as Max von Sydow, Richard Harris, and Gene Hackman couldn't do much with the bad script. Directed by George Roy Hill before he discovered his current execrable but hugely profitable style. (Channel 19)

11:30 p.m. - Wide World Special. Orson Welles with Frank Capra, Glenn Ford, Sidney Poitier, Rosalind Russell, and Ernest Borgnine salute Columbia Pictures on its 50th birthday. These salutes are occasionally not bad. (Channel 25)

1 a.m. - Tomorrow. And speaking of Orson Welles, NBC will rerun the Tom Snyder interview of April 8 because of reported technical difficulties during the program (?). A rare glimpse of a truly great man, despite Snyder's snotty aggressiveness. (Channel 10)

Friday, May 2

11:05 p.m. - Movie. "Runaway!" A brakeless train and 200 passengers are barreling down a mountainside with Charlton Heston nowhere in sight! Ben Johnson and Vera Miles. (Channel 19)

11:30 p.m. - Wide World Special. The festivities preceding the Kentucky Derby in Louisville are highlighted including a rock concert with Roberta Flack and Blood, Sweat and Tears, and a steamboat race down the Ohio River. (Channel 25)

1 a.m. - Midnight Special. Billy Preston, Rufus, Buddy Miles, Jeff Beck, Labelle, and Tonto. (Channel 10)

USC's non-championship

(Continued from page two)

can shoot from the outside, he can drive and he can rebound furiously when he wishes. His defense and overall court presence seemed uninspired at times, and his tendency to get the cheap fouls on both ends of the court was annoying and hurt his statistical figures. Davis needs work on everything but his shooting. Gilloon will likely regain his shooting touch from high school, and if he plays more like he did in the NIT than he did the rest of the year, he could be a positive factor. Bob Mathias, Greiner and Klitenic are capable substitutes and spot starters. And Chuck Sherwood and Golie Augustus improved remarkably during the year.

Like everyone else, Carolina coaches have been on the road recently. McGuire said the other day that USC would like to get guards, but will take anybody of talent, of course. One player USC wanted and will not get is 6-9 forward-center Cedric Hodges of Montgomery's Robert E. Lee High School -- the same high school that Boswell attended. It was learned this week that he'll take his high school averages of 24 points and 14 rebounds per game to Auburn. Carolina was high on his list, and he visited here during the past season.

In short, the 1974-75 season was far from disastrous and many teams would gladly trade records with USC. But when you are playing in the "Basketball Capital of the Southeast," you've got to be careful. Perhaps more than any other thing, the chief disapointment at Carolina and at Carolina Coliseum this season was the schedule. While McGuire insisted over the last few weeks that "we don't play any patsies," the problem was that the Gamecocks played very few teams of caliber, either. The fact is that Carolina played 14 home games that, if it lost any, would have been upsets of extreme, almost unimaginable proportions. (Bucknell, St. Joseph's, Princeton (at home, now), LSU (also home), Assumption, Manhattan, Fordham, Davidson, Marshall, Georgia Southern, St. Louis, Canisius, Georgia Tech and Villanova) Though some of those schools have solid basketball reputations -- St. Joseph's, Villanova, Davidson, Fordham -- the truth is that all of those school's programs are hurting, and their teams were of extremely poor quality. Of the remaining 12 contests that Carolina might have conceivably lost, including eight road games, two on neutral sites, and Marquette and Pittsburgh at home, the Gamecocks won only four -- Pitt, Virginia Tech, (hardly a power), Niagra and Dayton. Almost all of the team's that Carolina beat and a couple that defeated them finished with records below .500 for the season. Consequently, many of the home games became bores -- extreme bores -- and also, when the team traveled, it played poorly, in part because of the poor competition at home. Make no mistake about it, Carolina played some "patsies" this year, no matter how you cut the cake.

Still, much of this scheduling difficulty is not McGuire's fault, and not the fault of Donnie Walsh, who has assumed most of the burden of constructing Carolina's future schedules. McGuire and Walsh did not ask to leave the Atlantic Coast Conference, where 14 competitive conference games each year were guarenteed. Instead, they were ordered out by Paul Dietzel, the departed athletic director, and McGuire had to schedule the best he could as quickly as possible.

On the other hand, the moves to cancel games with Clemson and Furman a couple of years back were calculated moves and this year more than ever, regretful ones for local fans. Never before in South Carolina has the quality of basketball been more competitive and nationally-acclaimed, and never have so few games been played between the three. Furman returns to the Carolina schedule next season -- with what promises to be a much weaker team -- on a home and home basis. But there are apparently still no plans to reschedule Clemson, a ridiculous situation to say the least.

While McGuire and his team may have been treated shabbily there before, causing interruption of the series, the Clemson people don't own the franchise on bad crowd behavior. When Marquette was leaving the court here in February, obscenities as well as ice and cups littered the path to the dressing room. The same with Notre Dame and Digger Phelps two years ago. And the same a few years ago, when officials cleared the old USC gym of all fans when they threw cups on the floor during a Clemson-Carolina game -- that Clemson happened to be winning.

But the misbehavior of a few is a bad precedent to use to cancel a basketball series of such consuming interest to an entire state. If a child throws a tantrum in church, they don't cancel all services until the kid grows up. Somebody hauls the kid out and things go on. The Clemson-Carolina game could be played on a neutral court or on the old home and home basis, but it needs to be played, and should be resumed as soon as possible. Perhaps with the departure of Tates Locke from Clemson that can now be accomplished.

There is a sneaky suspicion here that, more than being concerned with losing nine basketball games, most Carolina fans are disappointed this Spring because of who those games were lost to, and to some extent, because of the lacklustre teams that Carolina defeated.

There is nothing "wrong" with the Carolina basketball program that a little rescheduling, some defense, and a bit of luck in the close ones couldn't turn around in a wink. ■

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